

Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfetter beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woo her, yet I dare not speake:
He call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ranfome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speakest thou not? What ranfome must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranfome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. He win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betwene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Maine*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, didaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be intral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid pro Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave, in base serility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concerns his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. He vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my
Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To wooe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Capitaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the walles.
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes sicklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Reignier*.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ranfome, I deliuer her,
And those two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for signe of plightd faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Traffike of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attorney in this case.
He ouer then to England with this newes,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, let this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praier,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hearken you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
Nolouing Token to his Maieesty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King. *Kisse her.*
Suf. And this withall.
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume.
To send such pecuith tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
These Minotours and vgly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* seete,
Thou mayest becaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*
Enter Yorke, Warwick, Shepheard, Pucell.
Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Hue I fought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, sweet daughter *Ione*, He die with thee.
Pucell. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bachler-ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck't her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some rauinous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd:
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.

No misconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. J, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearken ye first: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrclenting hearts?
Then *Ione* discouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought,
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.
Puc. You are decey'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that inoy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanson* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayld.
War. A married man, that's most intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.
War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.
Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure,
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee:
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse,
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*
Enter Cardinall.
Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do grette your Excellence,
With Letters of Commission from the King,
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Capitaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue bene overthrowne,
And sold their bodies for their Countreyes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with greefe
The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace